

THE MEDIEVAL CHIVALRY OF THE HANDSOME SPANIARD, DR. CONGOSTO,

SACRIFICE

WHO GAVE ALL THE SKIN ON HIS ARMS TO SAVE THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN.



MRS.
T. BURNET
BALDWIN

(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)
DR. JOSE CONGOSTO, former secretary of the Captain-General of Cuba, now the chief adviser of the Spanish Peace Commissioners in Paris, shortly before the sinking of the Maine, let doctors cut off the skin from his arms to save a beautiful American woman's life.

Before the late war he was a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. Burnet Baldwin, who are possessed of millions and well known in New York society, but live now at Edgewater Park, near Philadelphia.

One evening when Dr. Congosto was at her house Mrs. Baldwin upset a lamp. She was terribly burned.

The surgeons pronounced that her recovery was impossible unless a large quantity of healthy skin should be grafted on her wounds. Dr. Congosto, with the chivalry of medievalism, offered to let the skin be taken from his arms, and this was done.

After the peace Dr. Congosto visited the Baldwins at Gable Hall, on his way from Havana to Paris, and was royally entertained by the family.



HEN the American Peace Commissioners in Paris receive dilatory and refractory notes from the Spanish Commissioners, they may find it interesting to remember that they were written or inspired by a Spaniard whose arms were sacrificed to save an American woman's life.

Dr. Jose Congosto, former secretary of the Captain-General of Cuba, and now one of the most able diplomatic representatives of America, once gave his skin to save the life of Mrs. T. Burnet Baldwin.

That was before the war, but not before the condition of Cuba threatened it.

Dr. Congosto is considered one of the ablest members of the Spanish diplomatic service. As the chief secretary of Captain-General Blanco, he was the highest Span-

ish civilian in Cuba. He was the Captain-General's right hand, and really directed his policy.

Mrs. Baldwin is the wife of T. Burnet Baldwin, a member of the Union, Manhattan, Tuxedo and New York Yacht Clubs. Both Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are very well known in New York society. She was a Miss Dillon. At one time they had a house on Madison avenue, but latterly have spent most of their time at their country place at Edgewater Park, N. J.

The handsome, able and accomplished Dr. Congosto was at one time Spanish Consul in Philadelphia and was a great friend of the Baldwins before the Spanish-American war.

When the Maine was destroyed by murderous design in Havana Harbor, and 260 brave American sailors were sent to their death, Congosto was the guiding hand of Spanish Government in Cuba. When war broke out he was one of the most formidable defenders of Cuba. All the time he bore on his brow the scars he had suffered for an American woman.

He was denounced by American politicians and newspapers as an abettor of murderers, but he could have shown the deep red scars on his arms and said:

"I suffered that for one of your women. You laugh at Castilian chivalry, but did you ever submit to the knife for any woman—Spanish or American?"

Dr. Congosto is a man of remarkably varied accomplishments. He was graduated in medicine and then became a diplo-

mat. He received his early training in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Madrid.

He speaks English, French, German and Italian admirably and with an accent that only makes his conversation more fascinating. He has an excellent tenor voice and a great repertoire of songs. He is handsome and stalwart.

In the course of his diplomatic duties Dr. Congosto came to America. Here he made many friends, conspicuous among them the Baldwins. His gift of striking sentimental songs in passionate Spanish tones made him an interesting addition to society.

One evening he was at the Baldwins' house. He was asked to sing. Mrs. Baldwin went toward the piano in order to accompany him. As she did so she upset a tall lamp. The burning oil ran over the floor. Without hesitating or reflecting Mrs. Baldwin stamped on the flames. They set fire to the mass of lace and drapery that formed part of her evening dress. In an instant she was a blaze of fire.

Mr. Baldwin smothered the flames with his hands, and in doing so was severely burned.

When the fire was at last put out Mrs. Baldwin was carried away, suffering terribly. The doctors at first thought she would die, and for several weeks her life was in suspense. At last with the best of medical attention and constant nursing she recovered from the first shock of the burning.

When this stage was reached the doctors found that there were great patches on her left leg, on which the skin refused to grow. These endangered her life, and at last would make it a prolonged misery. This is a common result of severe burning.

The doctors decided that the only thing that would restore Mrs. Baldwin to health would be a skin-grafting operation. A large quantity of skin from a strong, healthy young person was needed, and the operation would be a severe one for the loser of the skin.

Mr. Baldwin promptly offered to submit himself to the knife, but the doctors found that he was not virile and strong enough to supply the quality of skin needed to insure the success of the operation.

Then the chivalrous Dr. Congosto came to the rescue. He had been a constant inquirer after his hostess's progress, and Mr. Baldwin told him of the sad situation in which affairs were. The Spaniard immediately offered to let the necessary sacrifice be taken from him. The husband was startled and at first hesitated to agree to the proposition. Congosto pleaded with him.

"Come, Baldwin," he said. "I will give you my skin in the first place for friendship's sake. I will also do it to cement the ties between America and Spain. I will share my flesh and blood with you to show how I would love to see our two nations united."

"I am young and strong, and this operation is nothing to me. I am a trained surgeon and I know just what it is. The operating table has no horror for me. It is a fascination."

The eloquent Dr. Congosto persuaded Mr. Baldwin. The doctors looked at the Spaniard and pronounced him just the man whose skin they wanted. He was strong and in perfect health.

The operation on Dr. Congosto took place immediately. It was performed by Dr. C. V. Vischer, of the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, one of the most eminent surgeons in that city.

Dr. Congosto did not take ether. The surgeon first made a long cut in the left arm and began deftly slicing off the skin with his knife. The blood flowed, but Dr. Congosto did not wince. He made cheerful remarks. After an hour skin as was needed had been taken from the left arm. The surgeon turned to the right for Mrs. Baldwin's wounds required a great quantity of skin.

Dr. Congosto was laid up for a few days and then returned to his task of cementing the friendship between Spain and America.

His unique tokens of friendship were applied to Mrs. Baldwin's wounds in the usual way. The Spanish skin was grafted satisfactorily on American flesh. Mrs. Baldwin gradually grew better. Her life and health were saved.

Then the Maine was blown up and war followed. Doubtless, Dr. Congosto reflected how useless had been his personal effort to cement the friendship of Spain and America, but doubtless, also, he was too chivalrous to regret it. In Havana, he did his best to uphold the interests of his country, and aided the incomparable Blanco in presenting a roseate Spanish version of the war to the world.

At San Juan and El Cagay American bayonets performed wholesale operations on Spanish skins, and no permission was asked. It was just and necessary, but to Dr. Congosto it seemed an evil return for his willing sacrifice of skin.

Then peace was made and Dr. Congosto was summoned from Havana to Paris to take part in the negotiations. He came by way of the United States, in order to embark on one of the transatlantic steamships at New York.

On his way, he paid a brief visit to his friends, the Baldwins. Their house is at Edgewater Park, a beautiful place, some fifteen miles up the Delaware River from Philadelphia. The Burnet place is one of the finest there. On one side is the broad river, and a quarter of a mile the other way is the high road. From the latter two broad driveways sweep up to the house, past broad lawns and clumps of old trees.

At the depot he was met by the Baldwins, who had, naturally, nothing but affection for this Spaniard. As he was stepping into their carriage, Dr. Congosto noticed two Americans, whom he had known before the war. He turned to shake hands with them, but they were ultra-patriotic and showed him their backs. He dined royally with the Baldwins and then hurried on to Paris.

Afterward—perhaps in order to explain why she had been so friendly to a Spaniard—Mrs. Baldwin told some of her neighbors what he had done for her.

Dr. Congosto is now in Paris, attached as an adviser to the Spanish Peace Commissioners. He has supported them in their attempt to saddle the United States with the Cuban debt and has prompted the swift removal of public property from Cuba by the Spanish.

He holds views as a Spaniard which all right-minded Americans must condemn, but they will also recognize his noble and chivalrous self-sacrifice for an American woman.



DR.
CONGOSTO

FROM PHOTO,
BY F. GUTENKUNST
PHILA.

TWO WOMEN OF MYSTERY AND BEAUTY.

Continued from Page Thirteen.

The Tombs mystery is not so taciturn. She is perfectly willing to talk to anybody and to everybody that she knows and to laugh over the "absurd mistake of her arrest."

Any one who chooses to ask may know her name, and her age and the place where she was born and the date of her marriage and the reason of it and the nice things her husband said when he asked her to marry him and how many smart frocks she bought in Paris and just how many times she has crossed the ocean and exactly how she felt when the officers arrested her and what she thinks of New York and how she likes the Tombs breakfast after her life at the Waldorf and why she loves diamonds and how she came to wear so many of them, and the new horizontal handbag and why she prefers it to the old one, and the Horse Show, and the stunning new hats she intended to wear to it, and the whys and wherefores of anything discussable upon this whirling globe—except the crime for which she was arrested.

When you get down to that she says: "Thank you so much. It's really awfully sweet of you to be interested, but my attorney is so conservative. He says I really must not talk about my case."

And yet she really is a mystery.

She's twenty-one years old and she looks eighteen. She's lithe and slender, and well groomed and charmingly dressed.

She has soft, brown hair, fluffed up in a careless knot; she has wide, hazel eyes, with long, curly lashes; she has the prettiest kind of a smiling, dimpling, innocent little red mouth; she has extremely white teeth, and she has a round chin, with a dimple in it. She looks exactly like the star pupil in a fashionable young ladies' seminary.

She would be prettier yet if she were not so extremely conventional in her appearance.

And yet—again and yet—this charming, well-mannered, refined, amiable young woman is arrested upon the charge of extorting money under circumstances which were, to say the least, unconventional.

Her name is Moore—Mrs. Frayne Strahan Moore. She's the daughter of Chief Justice Strahan, of Oregon. She has a neat little fortune of her own, and the man she married is said to be well born and to have some social position in Cleveland, O., where he comes from.

She was brought up in Atlanta, Ga., and her mother is a woman of undoubtedly high social position in the most exclusive circles of the South.

She went to the swellest school in Georgia, and her school friends are the smartest girls, south of Mason and Dixon's line. She went abroad with her mother two or three years ago. When she came back she had fine tales to tell of a South African diamond mine owner, who rushed all up and down the Riviera in pursuit of her.

Her friends teased her about the susceptible mine owner, and it was quite the thing for those who enjoyed Miss Strahan's confidence to inquire solicitously about the news from Africa, or to manifest a deep interest in the diamond market.

A year ago Miss Strahan came North on a visit, and no one was much surprised to hear that the diamond mine owner had finally prevailed upon her to become Mrs. William E. Moore.

He took her to Paris, and together they romped up and down the Riviera, and told each other how much that much-famed resort had improved since they last beheld it. A few months ago the Moores came home. They went to live at the Waldorf.

They had guests to dinner and guests to supper, and they had friendly little break-

fasts and informal little teas, and all the floating colony of Southerners said to each other:

"Well, little 'Pet' Strahan seems to have married mighty well."

The Moores moved to the Grenoble. They had a fine apartment there, and they still gave delicious little dinners and cozy little breakfasts, and unceremonious little teas, and the stream of visitors still said, one to another:

"Little 'Pet' Strahan certainly has married mighty well—mighty well indeed."

Monday morning of the week just passed the papers came out with an astounding story. They said that one Martin Mahon, proprietor of the New Amsterdam Hotel, had caused the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Moore upon the charge of "working the badger game" upon him.

He said that Mrs. Moore was an old acquaintance of his; that she borrowed a diamond pin of his to wear; that he went to get the pin; that Mrs. Moore asked him to sit down and play a game of cards; that he did so, and that Mr. Moore burst into

the room and demanded Mr. Mahon's life or note for \$5,000. Mr. Mahon says that he succumbed to Mrs. Moore's tearful pleadings, and gave Mr. Moore all his spare cash and the aforesaid note for \$5,000. Mr. Moore then put away his pistol, gave Mr. Mahon a very bad cigar, and let him go in peace.

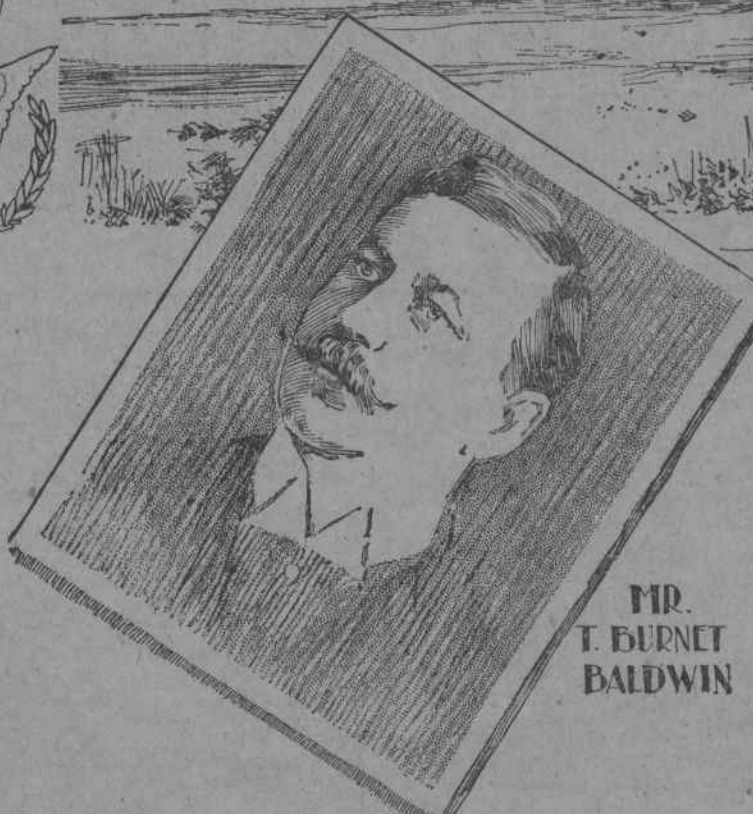
Mr. Mahon went right straight to the police station and told the captain all about it, and in the twinkling of an official eye Mr. and Mrs. Moore were on their way to the Tombs.

None of the friends of Mrs. Moore, or of the man who had married, so very well indeed, believed the story.

They couldn't. But it was perfectly and undeniably true.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore are held for trial, and Mr. Mahon says he is going to get them sent to State prison or to Blackwell's Island just as if they were common thieves and adventurers, and had never lived at the Waldorf or the Grenoble in their lives.

Since the arrest there have been several



MR.
T. BURNET
BALDWIN

"GABLE HALL"
THE BALDWIN'S GREAT COUNTRY SEAT
AT EDGEWATER ON THE DELAWARE.

ugly rumors about.

It is said that a certain elderly club man, with a large and inquisitive family, could tell a curious story of adventure something akin to Mr. Mahon's if he quite liked to do it.

Several men whose life hours take them to the well-known hotels are saying nice little "I-always-thought" things, and no one is quite able to say anything very definite about the location of the mines which Mr. Moore is supposed to own.

When you go to the Tombs and ask Mrs. Moore about it, she says:

"Oh, really, now, don't you know, it's too absurd. I can't think of discussing it."

And the whole Police Department is trying to puzzle out what on earth can be the motive which has drawn an undeniably well-born, well-bred, beautiful young woman into a web of such hideously vulgar and criminally wicked weaving.

"Beats me," says the Chief of Detectives. "Beats me," says the Police Captain, whose man took the woman who was burned with acid to the hospital.

Two young, beautiful women, the one sinning, the other grievously sinned against. Which is the greater mystery?

WINIFRED BLACK.

Of course, where the haste is due to some mental anxiety, this may injuriously inhibit the secretions. Slow eating begets a habit of simply muzzling the food without really masticating it, while the hurried eater is inclined to swallow his food before proper mastication.

Hence hurried eating is bad, but rapid mastication is advantageous. It concentrates our energies on the act in question, and hence more thoroughly accomplishes it.

Chew Energetically and Avoid Indigestion.

Very few people know how to eat, not according to the rules of etiquette, but according to the needs of digestion. Indigestion is not so often caused by what we eat as how we eat.

The prevalent idea that slow eating is very favorable to digestion is largely fallacious.

The important point is not that we eat slowly or fast, but that when we do eat we chew with energy.

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